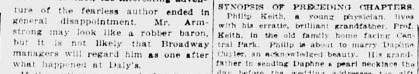
# HE NEW PLAY "Society" Kills Faul Armstrong's Pet "Bulldog."

author who knows his own play. This may have occurred as an after-thought to Mr. Paul Armstrong, who on Saturday night elbowed managers right and left as he led "Society and the Bulldog" to Daly's, where he wrote himself down on the programme as admitting his "responsibility for the production, the choice of the players and the

The responsibility of being the author of this wild eastern play would have been quite enough in itself to rest on Mr. Armstrong's well-tailored shoulders. As for the "production." you were left in some doubt as to which was the cook shanty in Nevada and which Sherry's in New York, while "the choice of the players" wasn't as happy as it might have been. In fact, the interesting adven-



been well, for the first act in a Nevada cook shanty was at least interesting to whose schoolding daughter. Office, secretly those who have not grown tired of the sadly overworked stage miners. Here Genevieve Farley cooked up her little romance with the lung troubled architect from the East, while her father, "Bill" Farley staggered in, dazed by the sun and his "bg strike," to report he had discovered a mine that was rich enough to pay any New York expenses Genevieve might run up in the second and third acts. A gorgeous lady who had just stepped off the lady who had just stepped off the lady who had just stepped off the train from the East for a cup of tea made a bargain with "Bill" to "bring out" Genevieve at Sherry's, and now that the arealist the same training of the stood in their flower-decked suite of rooms in an upper west side family hotel. The man looked about him with a worried expression of face.

"Never mind, Edgar," murmured his that the architect had started for New York without waiting for Genev.eve to finish teiling him he was a "gentleman," there was no keeping the play The gorgeous lady, described as "a

Catherine Proctor as Genevieve

Farley.

social derelict," was really worth following, for sue was played by Miss beauty should have commanded Dor-Elita Proctor Otis in a vein as rich as the one "Bill" had struck. All the gold in the play wasn't equal to a hair of her eighteen-karat head. She was all a-plume as Mrs. Van Rensselaer, and the only poor thing about her was her bright green son, who acted, thanks to Mr. Alfred Hickman, as though he had escaped from a last year's musical comedy. Mr. William Farnum played ciety is of creat beauty that is with-Bill' with all his might, and there were other more or less familiar

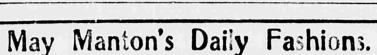
among them an amiable Swede for whom Mr Charles Lindholm won the friend- 60 badly. Remember what sacrifices ship of the audience. later, of course, to see Genevieve "come out" at Sherry's. There they had a scene with a squad of waiters which created a longing for Lew Fields and his faithful servitors, and when this

only came in to "guy" poor Genevieve. They were backbiters of the very worst sort, and all backs were bared for the attack. Now, Clyde Fitch can do this femihine trick, but Mr. Armstrong cannot. moment his play reached the Sherry stage his "Society" killed his pet "Bulldog." The affair became as painful to the audience as it was to Genevieve, and it was a relief when it broke up in a general row that would have outraged the feelings of "Beef Steak John." Even Genevieve's manners ent by the board when the saughtily turned her back on the poor

leved to be a fortune hunter. But he proved that he wasn't by oming to her Fifth avenue home after er father had paid for an "ex proclaiming BILL FARLEY BROKE and the Bulldog mine "worked out." He told Farley that he wouldn't let hin take Genevieve back ! Nevada

that he loved her, and would go to work for her--tnat he would begin by taking a thousand dollar job to put Gothic trimmings on a brewery. Mr. William B. you vulgarly put it. She is an un-Mack had the job of playing the architect, and he wasn't particularly suited for spoiled well-bred girl, who has for it. Neither was Miss Catherine Proctor a particularly sweet Genevieve, though gotten in her passionate young love for last act than she did at Sherry's.

entered "society," for he had neither the hitch nor the Fitch of the thing. There or some other sophisticated beauty. Paul became Paul-ine. CHARLES DARNTON.

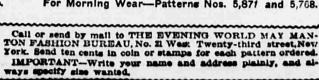


gown that is made with a breakfast jacket and skirt is one of the most satisfactory known. It is both attractive and comfortable and it is adapted to the washable materials that are being made for the coming season and also to the flannel, cashmere and the like of immediate wear. This one is both simple and smart and is nesirable from every

point of view. The quantity of maperial required for the medium size is, to the jacket 37-8 wards 27, 31-4 yards 2 or 21-8 yards 44 skirt 91-4 yards 27, 81-2 yards 32 or 44 nches wide. Jacket pattern No. 5,871 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust









Daphne.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS but it is not likely that Broadway managers will regard him as one after what happened at Daly's.

If the author-manager had only kept his pen in the West all might have been well, for the first act in a Nevada mess affairs of an invalid course. Morneys affairs of an invalid course, and inva

# CHAPTER II.

Turk Belden.

"Never mind, Edgar," murmured his man," there was no keeping the play the protection of a husband, and we

consider how bitterly resentful soout great wealth, we have not done an unmarried niece does entail, and be content. Edgar.

"The doctor has not much fortune," the elderly and somewhat timorous uncle of Daphne protested.

"But he has character, good family and fine prospects," comforted Aunt Dorothy, buttoning a long glove. "Besides, the young pair are romantically

### "tie Has Millions!"

"I wish," grumbled Mr. Cuyler, "Belden had appeared upon the scene a bit earlier-he has millions!"

"Yes, but Mr. Stanley Belden is not a marrying man, Edgar. Moreover, his reputation is such as to make his attentions injurious to any young girl." "He fairly doted, though, on Daphne's beauty," persisted Mr. Cuyler.

"Yes, just as he has doted on every other exceptional beauty seen by him between his insolent youth and blase age!" frowned Aunt Dorothy, feeling anxiously for the possible escape of a scolding look at the nape of her neck. while he fretted on. "If Daphne had really exerted herself

she might possibly have brought him to the point." "Edgar!" exclaimed his wife, with an

air of offended dignity, Daphne, is not, thank God, the type of i girl that 'bring men to the point,' as

## Before the Wedding.

lived, than \_\_ stave done for your or the bridegroom is to lift it." who has force, determination and sin- all! Tell Daphne so!" cerity, and who will make his power felt in the world. So let us be thankful the wife, and trailed her shining gray the door! So out wit hthem, auntie!" unmarried?

is the looked very index octive at mome in the last act than she did at Sherry's.

"Bill's" reward was a Laura Jean Libbey lady, who had remained true to Genevice, and who loved "Bill" for his "brute force." Her speech about "the primitive woman" was the funniest thing in the play.

There was some real humor, though most of Mr. Armstrong's efforts in that direction were extremely labored. The author took his fatal step when he entered "society," for he had neither the high on the newest Parisian discovery for the wind and extremely and the future on draperies away to the secret bower of the knees of the gods! Turn about, the bride and her maids, where all the men who belowed the future on draperies away to the secret bower of the knees of the gods! Turn about, the bride and her maids, where all the men who tried to borrow. People the night of the improvement of the knees of the gods! Turn about, the bride and her maids, where all the men who tried to borrow. People who disliked him said he was Jewish—he was not. They said his grandfather the establish his widowed aunt, Mrs. Here was some real lumbition. And I am very glad that her for the winter, and excent the men who borrowed from him the bride and her maids, where all the men who tried to borrow. People we had her maids, where all the men who tried to borrow. People who disliked him said he was Jewish—he was not. They said his grandfather the society with an uniform the proving plans for the winter, and excent the men who tried to borrow. People who dear the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. People who destroy the men who tried to borrow. Peop our wedding day!"

strenuous and misguided assistance of And, though he pooh-poohed the refour pretty madeap girls made the ure lover, was the perfect fine flower of dying love, and would frivol with the laughter at my expense to-night would our wedding day!"

mark, his satisfaction was evident. "No, no, Edgar, I will listen to no must run in to Daphne and see, since The Other Man.

more for our own little Loia, had she her face, whether the maid of honor 'make an effort, one more effort, to for his start in banking and this imheadgear. marry off your troublesome niece! mensely wealthy wholly idle Belden brother's child. Had a good dowry "Good heaven Dorothy, the bride- Clear those crazy things out of the whom the world dubbed gentleman and The Meeting. been added to her looks she might have groom, of course!" shouted Uncle Cuydone better socially; but as it is she ler. "The bridegroom lifts the veil, else for the ceremony! And if I am late places. Though he flouted society often, has the man of her own chale a man has the man of her own choi e, a man the old custom has no significance at Philip will surely leave the altar to at- and made many incursions into Bo- he met Daphne Cuyler. tend some patient and, like a foolish hemia, still he was ever smiled upon, "Yes-yes, I will, Edgar," twittered virgin, I shall be left standing outside for was he not a man or millions, and

A Hint of the Orient. In appearance a very dark man, with a hint of the Orient in his slow-moving.

The New East Lynne.

By Clara Morris.

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and Others.

His jaw started all right and square, tionably dyed and waxed mustache. bids comment, that dyed mustache in life. was a veritable solecism.

divided the entire sex

The day before, Dr. Philip Keith had Perhaps society had even known, as said: "To-morrow Daphne will be my did his boon companions, of certain man's face flushed a dull, dark wife and her beauty will cease to in- baser tastes that led him at long interest any one but myself," and had tervals to disappear from all haunts of his brow, purplish black and careful meant what he said, being an open- decency, and for a time to plunge alone visibly. He thrust his fingers incide his natured, clean-minded man, absolutely and reckless of danger into the lowwithout gulle or duplicity. Yet on this est depths of vice, where, like swine, all very wedding day, on lower Fifth ave-nue, in a great double mansion of to the surface again and returned to Mr. Belden-will you not sit here bebrown stone, whose windows were his anxious valet, haggard, shaken, neath the lowered window a few draped in fawn silk, and richly screened worn, he sought his great white both with lace whose beauty and value with all the passionate ardor of a lover made it worthy of a cardinal's wear- restored to a beloved mistress, and with ing, a man stood looking out whose renewed zest revelled in the pleasures

### A Woman-Worshipper.

"Belden's Julien Eyes Caught and

Noted Her Grace of Motion."

whole nature was dominated by the of a gentleman

beauty of the girl going gladly to her

Here was Mr. Stanley Belden, and

was altering all his plans and reshap-ing his immediate future. In most men

Turk Belden, as his detractors called

him, was not an ordinary man. Self

bition was to know the taste of every

pleasure the world could offer to man.

music, he had trained his eye and ear

as carefully as his palate. A linguist

of parts, he sought his pleasure in many

high thoughts, expressed in melodious.

flowing words, he had an appreciation

as keen as that he felt for the ex-

quisite bouquet of rare old wines. Not

wholly a carnalist, yet with his great

was a sort of modern Sardanapalus.

marriage with another man.

Next to himself, Stanley Belden most Daphne's beauty was the power that worshipped woman. The tense excitement other men found in the pursuit of such a thing would be incredible, but great game he found in the pursuit of female beauty. His taste, though cultivated, was most catholic. The exquisitely modelled slenderness of an amberwas the god of his idolatry. His amhued maid, with long almond eyes of liquid darkness, won from him admiration as keen as that he gave to some coronetted. Hebe-like creature with the wild-rose tint in her cheek; and smiling his discreet and meaning smile he had gone triumphant on his contented way lands, of many people. For poetry of through years as full of golden pleasures as a meadow may be full of golden buttercups.

Until one day-a few years ago-he into his eyes. With men he became more savagely cynical than before. He grew morosely reserved.

All forms of excitement he had worn but tapered rapidly to a pointed, deepdimpled chin, while above the full, red was an acquired taste, for his was dimpled chin, while above the full, red not the world-forgetting mad passion of the born gambler. So with senses Dressed with the perfect taste that for- sated he secretly counted himself dead

was a veritable solecism.

His manner with women was gravely courteous, almost courtly, while with men he was insolent and cynical. He

And so blase, embittered, bored, he had early in October gathered a star party of friends about him on his party of friends about him on his work, the Siren, and returned to all marks. Consider the studies of the st America, opening up the old Fifth avedressing of the bride an impossibility. three generations of inherited wealth; frivolous to her last breath of life; two generations of bankers stood be- and to act as hostess for her nephew know my fate soon enough; whether tween that Belden who had worked Stanley would indeed be a large and bond or free!" more moans. We could have done no she is determined to wear the veil over "Oh, Aunt Dorothy!" she cried, with willing hands to earn the money stately feather in the old lady's girlish

He had escorted his aunt to a charity for his master's summons. basar that evening, and Daphne, having sold everything from her stell,



Clara Morris.

closed and left ft, strolling through her grace of motion. There was swaying of her rounded hips, through Belden's mind flew the though

He had followed her persistently, at last, where a beloomed window had of encircling tall paims and flows plants, their two names had been me mured, and the girl, who had re her gloves in the interest of change making, seeing the courtly, elderly good ly offer of a bare little hand.

In the moment of real dull, numb nerves there ran a theill of life, of rapture keen to anguish! The vein stood out like a letter "Y" upon collar and dragged its pressure from his throat

But he muttered some word of excess

and left the building, leaving the carwith irregular steps sought his home. He heard his own voice repeating over and over, "Was dead and am alive again!" hand, found his eyes were wet

### A Mad Vigil.

Once in his own spartment he paced for hours back and forth. Once he saw quite clearly the stupid beauty of that ox-eyed thing, bought by his gold, who had mocked him five years ago, and for the first time he failed to curse the very thought of her-only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and called up the memory of those splendid sapphireblue eyes, with tiny glints of light rising from their depths as tiny beads and bubbles rush upward through amber wine; called up the picture of the proud young mouth; counted the hours knew the date exactly, for his tortured that must pass ere he could see her wealth and refined licentiousness, he vanity would not let him forget even again and realize every detail of the the hour in which he first endured a amazing beauty of this unknown child, woman's contemptuous laughter. He whose slender hand had pushed aside had changed; a sullen resentment came the blank, dead years that, like a great stone, had closed him as in a sepulchra

Then, suddenly, in his shaken mind there sprang up an inquiry of such fear. Did this restoration to the joy of life mean manhood unqualified, independent, with freedom to count the world once more the storehouse of his but an episodic ephemera putting a And so blase, embittered, bored, he sharper edge upon his duil hatred for give me the hands of a strangier! I'll

And so walked and dreamed openeyed, alternately thrilling with rapture, or chilling with dread, until at ross. early dawn he had cast himself a me ment among the cushions of a couch And then in one of his blackest moods and fallen asleep, to the shocked among of Anton, who had watted all the night

(To Be Continued.)

# Mr. and Mrs. Jarr Discuss and Settle the "Sitting Up With a Sick Friend" Gag. HREE fellows in the office have pneumonia," said Mr. said By Roy L. McCardell. | some women have it easy in this world, time, I can tell you. I do most of the | "You know I didn't mean you," said nice fellows that have been in the office suspiciously.



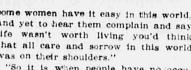
them, and I'm

Have You Tried The New Fruits From West Indies? maybe all night." "Who came and sat up with you when you were sick?" asked Mrs. Jarr. 'You are an old softy, that's what you are. Anybody can impose on you!" "Ol, well, you see," answered Mr, Jarr. "I wasn't very sick, just a little

cold that passed away as it came." "Yes, it passed away as it came with me losing three nights sleep and not a chance to close my eyes or take a nap in the daytime like some women remarked Mrs. Jarr with more

asperity. "It's no wonder Mrs. Stryver can look so well. She, with her six servants to wait on her, and she doesn't even have to button her own boots! Or for Mrs. Kittingly, for that matter, who has a maid at her elbow, and who never gets up till noon, and then has her face massaged for an hour."
"Who, the maid?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, not the maid!" replied Mrs "You know who I mean well mough-that Mrs. Kittingly. Well,



Jarr very gravely ration to take up their time, who de as he left home not even read, who have no interests in ing. "Of course and pamper their vanity and worry they haven't it over imaginary troubles," said Mr. Jarr. very bad, only "If you mean me by those slurs," light attacks - said Mrs. Jarr, "you are very much still it's my turn mistaken. I have plenty to take up my sitting in idleness!'

spirituous liquor is distilled from the flowers.

doing that, I'm fairly run off my feet.
Look at the other people around here and see how they keep two and three servants at least, and they not having half the work there is to do in this like the servants at least, and they not having half the work there is to do in this like the servants at least, and they not having half the work there is to do in this like the servants at least, and they not having have to sit up with them. Haven't they not snips. They feel bad I haven't been and so that they are how then the side at once, and you have to sit up with them. Haven't they not snips. They feel bad I haven't been are have to sit up with them. Haven't they not snips. They feel bad I haven't been are have to sit up with them. Haven't they not snips. the other morn- life except to eat and sleep and dress house! It's a wonder how I get through it. Everybody says that! But I won't complain. I'll keep at it till I break down, and then maybe you'll be sorry

that you spoke as you did about me

"Oh, no; you don't know these fel- nurses?"

to see them, so I promised to come ows," replied Mr. Jarr. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Jarr "but they to-night."

said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, it's no wonder are just sitting up themselves."

he is sick, the way he drinks!"

"How can you sit up with three sick the invalids men; is it a hospital?" asked Mrs. Jarr, medicine?"

"It's that Tompkins then, I know," want their friend around them; they "You think it will cheer them up. "How can you sit up with three sick the invalids amused; you will give them

eh?" said Mrs. Jarr. "You will keep

"Well-er-yes, I suppose so!" stam-

nered Mr. Jarr. "You can't fool me, Mr. Jarr," re-

marked the good lady. "The way you'll amuse them will be to let them win your money from you at cards. And the medicine you'll give them! Huh. well I know what kind of medicine that will be! Three young men ill with pneumonia! Three young men I do not know! Three office mates I never heard

! Maybe you do not know that Mr. Rangle told his wife the same story about to-night yesterday, and she was

"Oh, well, if you are going to object to my doing a charitable thing"--- began Mr. Jarr.

"I do not!" snapped Mrs. Jarn. "And the most charitable thing you can do is to come home when your work is through. Come right home. Do you hear? If you do not come home, I'll know the reason why!"
"Oh, all right, all right!" said Mr.

Jarr nervously.

And as he walked to the subway the blessing he called down on Mr. Rangie's prematureness would have astounded that centleman.



### Mammee Apple. Jack Fruit.

T is about the size of a mangold wurzel, and T is shaped like a marrow. When cut through its entire length it is found to be full of pips, looks very much like a big potato not only in shape but also in color. It can be eaten raw which, when roasted, are very much like almonds in flavor. The jack tree belongs to the breadfruit family .- From London Sphere.

# Mangosteen.

HIS is a reddish-brown fruit about the size of an apple, having a thick fleshy rind and a white juicy pulp of a delicate sweet and acid flavor. There is only one tree in the West Indies, but it could be grown as the soil is favorable.